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BRIEF MENTION.

As I announced in the last number of the Journal, p. 222, the theme of my quarterly musings was to have been the various shiftings and divergencies in the point of view that I had noticed in myself and others. But the necessity of cutting short the superfluities of *Brief Mention* left my preamble somewhat in the air, and the thread that ran through the illustrations of the theme could hardly have been discerned, except by those who are accustomed to follow Pindar in his circling weft. I began by telling what Odysseus and Penelope are to me, what they are to Mr. THOMSON, whose *Studies in the Odyssey* formed the subject of the next section; and that led up to the exposition of another diversity of view, which I proceed to redeem from the printer's galleys in which it has been imprisoned all these months.

The next difference then as to the point of view between Mr. THOMSON and myself is a much smaller matter. In the course of his rambles through Greek territory, picking up the threads that have been detached from the divine vestments of Odysseus and Penelope, happily or unhappily woven into human habiliments, Mr. THOMSON gravely informs us (p. 38) in gazetteer style that Kalaureia is 'a little island in the Saronic Gulf not far from Methana'. To a Greek scholar who has ever read the life of Demosthenes, Kalaureia needs no gazetteer. It was in this island that the great orator foiled the Macedonian's assassin. It was to this little island, the modern Poros, that I surrendered an afternoon of my Sixty Days in Greece (*Atlantic Monthly*, Oct. 1897, p. 207) and several pages of the Journal (XXXIII 363-5), and the charm comes back with one chapter of Mrs. DRAGOURIS's new book, *A Man of Athens* (Houghton Mifflin Co.) but only that one chapter. The Athens of to-day is not a pleasant object of contemplation, and although the scene is laid in the time of the Balkan War, when the pulse of all lovers of Greece beat high, the picture of Athenian society is too photographically, too graphophonically exact to awaken the longing Mrs. DRAGOURIS's other book called forth. One resents the everyday chatter, the everyday figures, the crowded stage, the cosmopolitan culture, the afternoon teas, the criticism of bad French, the slur cast upon Lancashire English, the general up-to-dateness. Of course, there is an artistic design in all this. It is intended to bring out in bold relief the figure of the hero who

is not an Athenian, but a sturdy Poriote. Still I am not to be tempted, as I was before, to overstep the limits a philological journal ought to observe.

In the medley of books with which my cage is littered there is a volume bound in pigskin, that wonderful material which is proof against superheated houses and noxious gases,—M. A. Mureti Orationes, Epistolae Hymnique Sacri, Lipsiae, Sump-tibus Viduae Gothofredi Grossii MDCLX, acquired in the early days when I had a mania for Latin composition, an art in which Muretus was a past master. I soon tired of Muretus and his elegances. Justus Lipsius was more to my native bad taste. Perhaps I was prejudiced against Muretus because in one of his letters he warned young scholars against the art of dipping in which Andrew Lang was to shew himself such an adept, an art without which there would have been no joy in my own life. If some of my friends think that I have lost myself in *Brief Mention*, others are of the opinion that I have found myself there. And what else, pray, are Muretus' own 'Variæ Lectiones'? Now apropos of the commonplace as to the divergent points of view, which I have been illustrating, one of Muretus' orations came up to my mind. Not long ago I was looking with undisguised horror at the Lusitania medal—horror heightened by the sight of the wonderful model of the boat, when I bethought me of the words in which Muretus extolled what some people still call the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. And this is the way in which the gentle humanist, who was capable of writing affectionate letters, almost deliquescent letters, to his young friends, spoke of that dreadful night: 'Qua nocte stellas equidem ipsas luxisse nitidius arbitror et flumen Sequanae maiores undas volvisse quo citius illa impurorum hominum cadavera evolveret et exoneraret in mare.' And then we are told not to believe in the wholesale butchery of the Peloponnesian War and taught to juggle with the Greek numerals.

There is an old story which in old days I loved to embroider for my intimates, that in a circle of devout Emersonians the hierophant read aloud a sentence in which the seer declared Chaucer to be the 'tar-pot' of English literature. The mystic word was variously interpreted by various members until one skeptical soul demanded to see the text wherein was written not 'tar-pot' but 'tap-root'. The same process goes on everywhere in exegesis. In the original context 'hitching one's wagon to a star' had reference to modern advance in mechanical science, though in Emerson the context makes little odds. I knew a lover of the Bible who found an exquisite touch in

Ezekiel's 'shadowing shroud' (31. 3); and doubtless there are many passages in the classics that are similarly misinterpreted. Pindar is a fine field, and I have recently been summoned to contemplate assaults old and new that have been made upon an exegesis of a text which I had made a pivot of Pindar's art (I. E. xxxvi), and which I thought so simple that I quoted my version of it quite as a matter of course in a popular magazine, P. 9, 82-3: βαῖά δ' ἐν μακροῖσι ποικίλλειν ἀκοὰ σοφοῖς. 'To broider a few things among many, that is a hearing for the wise'. To me ἀκοὰ was the equivalent of the ἀκρόαμα of a later day—'Ohrenschmaus' as the Germans call it. 'Hearing' no more requires an adjective than does 'sight' in the familiar saying 'a sight for sore eyes'. But since that day Wilamowitz, in his Hieron u. Pindaros, Szb. der k. Preuss. Ak. der Wiss., 1901, p. 200, has said in his emphatic way, 'Mit ἀκοὰ ist in keiner Richtung etwas anzufangen', and reads ἀκόνα after the notorious ἀκόνας λιγυρᾶς of O. 6, 82—a stone of stumbling to sundry critics who would fain read instead ἀκοᾶς, a stone of stumbling, which Wilamowitz has made the head of the corner. With his rare gift of turning Pindar's diamonds into homely carbon—by way, as I have suggested, of exposing Pindar's poverty of thought (A. J. P. XXXI 133)—he renders the whole passage thus: 'Von grossen Thaten ist es leicht lange zu erzählen; aber kleines auszuschmücken reizt (ἀκόνα) den guten Dichter, denn beide Male entscheidet der καιρός, das rechte Maass'. Wilamowitz's 'kleines' refers to the story of the bride of Apollo—no famous legend that ('nicht eben berühmt'). Another Pindaric scholar in a private letter also makes βαῖά refer to the 'fluffy stuff' out of which Pindar has woven the beautiful tale of the Huntress Queen, and translates 'Poets often hear it said that they embellish at inordinate length even matters of little import'. Wilamowitz does not translate ἐν μακροῖσι¹ unless 'aus-' in 'ausschmücken' be considered a translation. My correspondent takes it as equivalent to διὰ μακρῶν, and brings the saying into line with the familiar charge against the sophists, citing Plato, Phaedr. 268 c: ἐπίσταται περὶ σμικροῦ πράγματος ῥήσεις παμμήκεις ποιεῖν. Simonides was a forerunner of the sophists

¹ The equation ἐν μακροῖς = διὰ μακρῶν is not substantiated by any example in EMILY HELEN DUTTON's Chicago Dissertation, an elaborate treatise of 202 pp., entitled *Studies in Greek Prepositional Phrases*, διὰ, ἀπό, ἐκ, εἰς, ἐν. ἐν ὀλίγῳ is there and ἐν ὀλίγοις, not ἐν μακροῖς. The subject of the Greek prepositions has interested me for many years, as the annals of the Journal testify, but except for a solitary reference εἰς κενὸν ἔδραμον, so far as Miss DUTTON is concerned. By the way, εἰς κενόν (Gal. 2, 2) is not in Miss DUTTON's lists, but it is only fair to add that the Greek of the N. T. is not within her purview. More surprising, however, is the omission of διὰ πασῶν which can only be accounted for on the theory that we have here a silent protest against the line 'the diapason closing full in man'. To be really valuable, all such collections should be exhaustive. And that is just the trouble.

and would have admitted the charge gladly. But Pindar never underrates his themes. *βαιά* here is simply *ὀλίγα* without any connotation of 'slight' common as that connotation is. There is no such connotation in Aeschyl. Pers. 1023 *βαιά γ' ὡς ἀπὸ πολλῶν*, nor in Ar. Ach. 2, *ἦσθην δὲ βαιά, πάνυ γε βαιά, τέτταρα*, nor in Σαπφοῦς *βαιὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*. In the early days of Pindaric interpretation, the national importance of the great games was not appreciated. In 1693 a French critic considered Greek athletes 'poor creatures', and it is no wonder that he construed the Pindaric passage somewhat as Wilamowitz has done:

Surquoy il faut se souvenir que nous avons dit auparavant, que Pindare avoit à louer des personnes qui pour l'ordinaire avoient si peu de merite, qu'il n'y avoit rien à dire d'eux; Et qu'ainsi il falloit bien qu'il cherchast de la matiere au dehors, sur laquelle il pût s'élever; parce que ces miserables Athletes qu'il loioit, vouloient avoir des Odes fort longues pour leur argent. Et c'est en cela que paroît principalement l'artifice de Pindare, de *scavoir*, comme il dit, *dire beaucoup de grandes choses sur de petits sujets*.

βαιὰ δ' ἐν μακροῖσι ποικίλλειν.

Ce qu'il appelle encore *l'effet d'un genie extraordinaire*.

ἀκοὰ σοφοῖς.

Blondel, Comparaison de Pindare et d'Horace. A Amsterdam, MDCLXXXIII, p. 59.

Pindar's own testimony to the greatness of the games, the greatness of their rewards and the limitation of the lyric art abounds. *μεγάλοι ἀρεταί* (P. 9, 76)¹ he calls the achievements of Blondel's 'miserable athletes'. *μάσσον' ἢ ὡς ἰδέμεν*, he cries (O. 13, 115). *μεγάλων δ' ἀέθλων Μοῖσα μεμῶσθαι φιλεῖ* (N. 1, 11). And as for *βαιά* Pindar himself, being like his own Aeneas an *ἄγγελος ὀρθός*, a *σκυτάλα Μοισᾶν* (O. 6. 91), fails like other messengers to tell all. *πολλῶν παρόντων ὀλίγ' ἀπαγγέλλω κακά*, says the messenger in the Persae 331 and so the Paidagogos in Soph. El. 688: *ἐν πολλοῖσι παῦρά σοι λέγω*. The lyric poet is always out of breath. He is a sectary of Apollo, one of the *ἐπειγόμενοι θεοί*. *βραχύ μοι στόμα*, he declares (N. 10, 18), *πάντ' ἀναγῆσθαι*, and in the same ode, v. 45: *μακροτέρας γὰρ ἀριθμῆσαι σχολᾶς*, and at the close of O. 13 bids himself swim with light feet out of this sea of glory. But why 'rattle citations' (A. J. P. XXIV 234)? Most important of all is the utterance: *μακρὰ δ' ἐξενέπειν ἐρύκει με τεθμός* (N. 4, 32), the *τεθμός* that commands him *βαιὰ . . . ἐν μακροῖσι ποικίλλειν*. So that I am not prepared to abandon an interpretation that has commended itself to so many lovers of Pindar, and one moreover to which I have committed myself again and again.

¹ So *μεγάλοι ἀλκαί*, N. 7, 12.

Of the shifting of the point of view, the divergence of attitude, on which I have been dwelling, there is no more striking illustration than that which is furnished by the interpretation of Pindar of which I have given a small sample. And as to the estimate of Pindar himself, two lively illustrations have fallen under my notice of late, which I will not consign to the wastebasket, the 'aeternum exilium' of so many *Brief Mentions*. I have recently made the acquaintance of a scholar who has long found that Pindar answers to every phase of life, every turn of social and literary intercourse, whereas the Dean of Barnard reviewing in happy mood her early classical studies remembers Pindar only as very difficult, thus recalling the criticism of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which thirty-odd years ago had only this to say about a work into which the writer had put much of his soul, 'The apparatus is extensive enough to give the moderate Greek scholar some hope of mastering this knotty author'—'knotty author' not 'love-knotty' poet. But this very divergence, this very shifting has in it a note of assurance for the perpetuity of our studies. 'Gerade in der Unendlichkeit', says Boeckh, 'liegt das Wesen der Wissenschaft. Wo die Unendlichkeit aufhört ist die Wissenschaft zu Ende'—and the infinite variety is made certain for all time by the infinite variety of that charm which no custom can stale and for which there are new customers, whether few or many, in every generation.

Reading not long ago the *Electra* of Sophocles, I was struck with the frequent occurrence of the word *φρονεῖν* and my thoughts went back to Professor KNAPP's article in the *Journal*, *A Point in the Interpretation of the Antigone of Sophocles* (A. J. P. XXXVII 300-316). In this article the author lays a great deal of stress on the recurrence of *φρονεῖν* in its bearing on the moot point of Antigone's responsibility. Now 'recurrent' has the same effect on my nerves as 'Deformed' on the nerves of Dogberry. Mezger made an organon of the recurrent word in his interpretation of Pindar, and I am reminded of battles long ago in which Pindaric scholars were hotly engaged (see my Pindar, I. E. I foll., A. J. P. II 497, XII 96, XV 506 al.). I have never set myself resolutely against the importance of the recurrent word. 'Cedendo victor abibis', as Ovid says of quite a different duel—'sans témoins et sans armes'. But the importance must not be exaggerated until it becomes a canon. Recurrence is determined sometimes impersonally as for instance in the favourite preposition business (A. J. P. XXIII 27), sometimes personally as in emotional passages. In the latter case the goddess *Ποικιλία*, to which rhetorical prose pays such homage (A. J. P. XXI 92, XXXV 231), has little

sway, rhythm much more. The plays of Sophocles in which the question of *φρόνησις* would naturally be prominent, take the lead in the number of *φρονεῖν*'s, if I may trust a rough count, in the following order—Ajax, which deals with the recovery of the hero from madness; the Antigone—for which Professor KNAPP may be consulted—followed close by the Oedipus Tyrannus, in which the wisdom of the wise is confounded; the Electra, in which we have a conflict between the practical sense of Chrysothemis and Klytaimestra and the ideal sense of the heroine. But what does all this amount to? Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh—which is the stately A. V. of Matt. 12, 34: *ἐκ τοῦ περισσεύματος τῆς καρδίας τὸ στόμα λαλεῖ*, or in the racy language of Luther, which sometimes commends itself by its homely rendering of a homely text (A. J. P. XVI 127, XXII 107): *Wes das Herz voll ist, des geht der Mund über*. But one remembers that Our Lord is addressing a generation of vipers and not a swarm of harmless *γωνιοβόμβυκες*. To quote myself, as I often do unconsciously (A. J. P. XXXVI 482), 'No high poetry is exhausted by its recurrent burdens, its catch-words, its key verses', (I. E. lvii) and Fraccaroli has preached a sermon to the same effect (A. J. P. XV 507).

Some months ago I said with Job—whom I resemble in nothing except a long life and a tendency to tropical language—'I shall die in my nest' and my nest is built in the garden of the Anthology. To be sure, the pleasure of the garden is somewhat marred, as it was not in the summer of 1916, by the mopping and mowing conjectural critics that grin at one from the trenches of Stadtmüller's edition. Still the Anthology is a real pleasance full of varied enjoyment with flowers of all hue and <here and there> a rose. But my peaceful repose has been broken of late by raucous shouts of Thukydides and Euripides to whom I had said good-bye for ever so far as print goes. But these are war times. One must submit to 'extras'—and so I proceed to call attention to the appearance and give a general notion of the contents of several monographs, which in other days and at other hands might have received the consideration which they deserve. Here they are in the order in which they lie on my desk.

The subject of Professor MAURICE HUTTON's paper (*Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, Vol. IX, 1916) is *Thucydides and History*. Professor HUTTON is a liegeman of Herodotus, as he has shewn on several occasions, and his testimony is therefore suspect. To him as to so many others,

Thucydides is the first scientific historian, yet not so severely scientific as not to be dramatic, and yet he echoes Mahaffy's 'sober truth' when he remarks that 'in recounting the butchery of Boeotian babes at the hands of the Thracians (VII 26) Thucydides' emotion is discernible only in the contortions and crabbedness of his syntax', a railing accusation for the chapter is simplicity itself.¹ One must thank Heaven that Professor HUTTON has not accounted for Thucydides' coldness by his Thracian blood as others have accounted for Thucydides' language by his Thracian environment (A. J. P. XXXIII 237). Many years ago Karl Blind claimed Thucydides as a German, and his praise of efficiency and his calm record of frightfulness will be charged to that score. Yet Thucydides actually deigns to add: *καὶ συμφορὰ τῇ πόλει πάσῃ οὐδεμῖας ἥσων μᾶλλον ἐτέρας ἀδόκητός τε ἐπέπεσεν αὐτῇ καὶ δεινή*, whereas Herodotus, the kindly, who tells us of the falling of a roof which killed a hundred and nineteen children in Chios has not a sigh for their fate (VI 27). But much of the ground has recently been covered by my summary of Nestle (A. J. P. XXXVI 103 ff.). The modernism of Thucydides is a familiar theme in the English journals, and Professor HUTTON's paper is full of 'actualities' and full of reflexions. 'Professors and philosophers', says this representative of Our Lady of the Snows, 'are the worst of statesmen; they think that they can arrange the world with essays and lectures. They make bad Presidents'. But, as one who has been hard hit by some of the fashionable parallelisms of the newspapers, I decline to follow Professor HUTTON on this 'burning marle'. I am not prepared to accept the identification of the Southern cause in the Civil War with that of Prussian Junkerdom, and I have elsewhere made light of historical parallels.

And now for Euripides. 'Ecce iterum Crispinus adest', I am constrained to cry, and Aristophanes would have joined me in calling him the 'cobbler poet', if he had read Juvenal and been acquainted with Christian hagiology. Euripides—once more—nay, thrice more. First comes *A study of Archaism in Euripides* by a young Ph. D. of Columbia, Dr. MANNING. Of course *Archaism in Euripides* means nothing more than a Return to Aischylos—not an unfamiliar theme. There is no going back beyond Aischylos, no possibility of restoring the *ἀρχαιομελισιδωνοφρυνιχήρατα* of Aischylos' forerunner Phrynichos, and the best thing about Thespis is the epigram in the Anthol-

¹ A better illustration of the correspondence between style and content will be found A. J. P. XVII 126, where it is said that one might attribute the peculiar twists and turns of the speech of the Mytilenaeans, Thuk. III, to the embarrassment of the traitorous allies of the Athenians.

ogy.¹ 'Archaic' has somehow a more formidable sound than old-fashioned. Perhaps Mid-Victorian might serve. When the critics woke up to the fact that Mr. Macmaster, born in 1852, was walking in the footsteps of Macaulay (b. 1800), no one called him archaic. Euripides was on any count little more than forty years younger than Aischylos, and brought out a play shortly after the *Oresteia*, the performance of which he must have witnessed. There is a double strain in Euripides, as we all know, and one is inclined to set down some of his archaisms to his aristocratic mother, Kleito. That he was not averse to the sonorities of Aischylos is strikingly shewn by Aiakos in the *Frogs*, in whose speech one might well have suspected a parody of Aischylos, but, as the Scholiast tells us, it is a burlesque of Euripides. The language of tragedy is a composite affair and Tycho Mommsen—who strangely enough is not cited by Dr. MANNING—has written an interesting chapter on what a wicked person might call the *sartago loquendi* of Euripides. The syntax of Euripides is now the syntax of the agora, now it is hyperepic. He misuses the terminal accusative damnably, whereat Aristophanes protests—but for that matter Sophokles overdoes the whence-case genitive and stretches the feminine negative. Euripides' harking back to the trochaic tetrameter of Aischylos is an old story. It is characteristic of the bookish poet that he studied Aischylos in his antre vast, where he doubtless kept his library. It is characteristic of his scornful spirit that he disdained to learn of Sophokles; characteristic of Sophokles' serene wisdom that he did not disdain to learn of his younger rival. But I am impatient to get back to my pleached bower of the Anthology in which I have taken refuge from these Tophetic times—and I am afraid that what I have written already may do injustice to Dr. MANNING, who has pushed the lines of his investigation farther than his authorities. But I dare not take up the chapters seriatim, lest I should tax the Journal as I did in the much to be regretted discourse on Paulus. Here at all events there will be no 'Paulo maiora canamus' nor any *βαῖα ἐν μακροῖσι ποικίλλειν*.

In his paper on the *Ethics of Euripides* (an off-print from Woodbridge's Archives of Philosophy May, 1916) Mr. RHYS CARPENTER begins with a quotation from Pindar τὸ δὲ φυνᾷ κράτιστον ἅπαν (O. 9, 107) which he translates 'Nature's way is ever the strongest and best' and then ashamed, as so many are, to quote Pindar, he adds 'Like much of his teaching the

¹ A. P. VII 410 (Dioskorides). It ends with an expansion of Pindar's ἅπαν εὐρόντος ἔργον: μυρίος αἰῶν | πολλὰ προσευρήσει χᾶτερα' τάμ' δ' ἐμὰ.

aphorism has more strength than originality'. The same thing might be said of Plato's *τὰ αὐτοῦ πράττειν*, of the Stoic Doctrine 'Follow Nature.' To me Pindar, Plato and Persius are bound each to each by natural piety—not artificial parechesis. And despite Mr. CARPENTER's disparagement of Pindar as a thinker, it appears that poor Pindar's gnome is 'the keynote of Euripides' morality', and that 'the logical concept is quite as dominant there as in Greek sculpture'.

In the *Harvard Studies* of 1916 Dr. ARISTIDES EVANGELUS PHOURIDES maintains the thesis that far from causing the degeneracy of the Greek stage by his handling of the choral parts, Euripides has done his utmost to invest the chorus with its due significance. Another return to Aischylos—and the way of the return is paved with statistics. But I must hie me back to my garden, and as for the discussion of Thukydides and Euripides *τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐν Ἀιδου τοῖς κάτω μυθήσομαι* for there must be an end some day to this autobiography, as a friend has dubbed *Brief Mention*.

Long before the present generation of grammarians came to the front, I had settled down to a view of the Greek historical present which seemed to satisfy the aesthetic conditions of usage. See my *Indiculus Syntacticus* s. v. A. J. P. XXXVI 485 to which add XX 228. The historical present, I said to myself, belongs to the cave-man period of language before there were any tenses, properly so-called, when there was only nothing but what is termed nowadays 'Aktionsart'.¹ This 'Aktionsart' answered all the purposes of past, present and future. But this loose use made it hard for the cave-man to pin his fellow down, and so a past tense was evolved, and what we call the historical present was relegated to the primitive sphere which continued to live on after 'Pyrrha sub antro' became a lady. Present for past became vulgar. Hence, I said, it is not found in Homer nor in the high lyric of Pindar. It had free course in the drama, resumed its rights in prose (A. J. P. XIV 480). As for Latin, the hot Italian blood never had any scruples (A. J. P. XIV 105). But in the absence of exhaustive statistics (A. J. P. XXIII 240), the behaviour of the historical present in English forbade formulation, though I have recorded here and there certain impressionistic statements as to its range in spoken English, in idiomatic English (XXIX 393). Now the lack of statistics has been supplied in a measure by Mr. J. M.

¹ Repudiated by Stahl, A. J. P. XXIX 389; comp. XXXVII 113.

STEADMAN in his treatise, *The Origin of the Historical Present in English* (Studies in Philology XIV University of N. C.)—and I append his results.

1. The historical present does not occur in Old English.
2. It occurs in the Latin writings of Englishmen of the eighth-eleventh centuries.
3. The historical present is consistently and repeatedly avoided in translating from Latin into Old English.
4. This use of the present appeared in written English at the beginning of the thirteenth century; it became fairly common before the end of the century; and by the end of the fourteenth century was used with the greatest freedom.

The question is very much complicated by the fact that our early literature is very largely a literature of translation and Mr. STEADMAN's title is disappointing, for he passes in review a number of theories but decides on none. Of course, as will appear from my previous discussions of the subject, I naturally inclined to Jespersen's view that the historical present has a native basis in English also—a native use which I supposed to be fostered by translation from Latin, for which we have a parallel in the literary use of the Latin infinitive, influenced in like manner by translation from Greek (A. J. P. XVII 520). But Mr. STEADMAN's statistics are disillusioning, so far as O. E. is concerned, unless one assumes that in O. E. the historical present was felt to be too vulgar for translation from the Latin.

W. P. M.: *Francisci Barbari De Re Uxoria Liber*. Nuova edizione per cura di ATTILIO GNESOTTO. Padova: G. B. Randi, 1915. 105 pp. This is an excellent edition of the famous treatise on marriage written by the Venetian scholar and statesman Francesco Barbaro. It was written in the winter of 1415-16. The author was only about 17 years old, but thanks to two of his teachers, Zaccaria Trevisan and Guarino Guarini, he could draw upon all the wisdom of the ancients. One specially interesting fact is his familiarity with Plutarch—a fact which ought to be added to the store of learning in Professor HIRZEL's recent book (A. J. P. XXXIV 117). Two other classical writers who are very freely used are Cicero and Virgil. The borrowings of word or phrase are regularly indicated in the notes, though the editor seems to have overlooked a couple of bits of Virgil. 'Justissima tellus', p. 1, l. 9, comes from Geor. II 460, and the expression 'usque adeo in teneris assuescere multum est', p. 75, l. 17, from Geor. II 272.

ERRATA.

XXXVIII 46, l. 10, for 'origin' read 'original'. 55, l. 7, for 'favoured' read 'flavoured'. 70, l. 11, for 'the children of thy youth' read 'children of the youth'. 70, l. 2 from bottom, after 'aor.' insert 'inf'.